

The Accüsed

"Grinning (Like An Undertaker)"

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You're the filthy creature
Crouched in the shadows
Of a street light
Hunched over your catch
Shit, she's barely alive
Blood dried up and caked in her hair
Her face just a bloody mess
Just when you think you're gonna
Finish the job
Martha comes along
Just to set things straight.

Gaping mouth
Full of razor-sharp teeth
All seeing eyes
She's staring you down.

She shatters your skull
In her vice-like grip
She tears your head off
Your victim gets sick
Lucky for you she wasn't dead
You just lost your head
Your brains oozing out
From between her fingers
Your blood wets her lips.

Grinning like an undertaker
Ready to dress a corpse
Grinning like an undertaker
Ready to dress a corpse

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